

# OUR DUMB ANIMALS



C. Ireland

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INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~  
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE  
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR  
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS  
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION  
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~  
THE AMERICAN HUMANE  
EDUCATION SOCIETY

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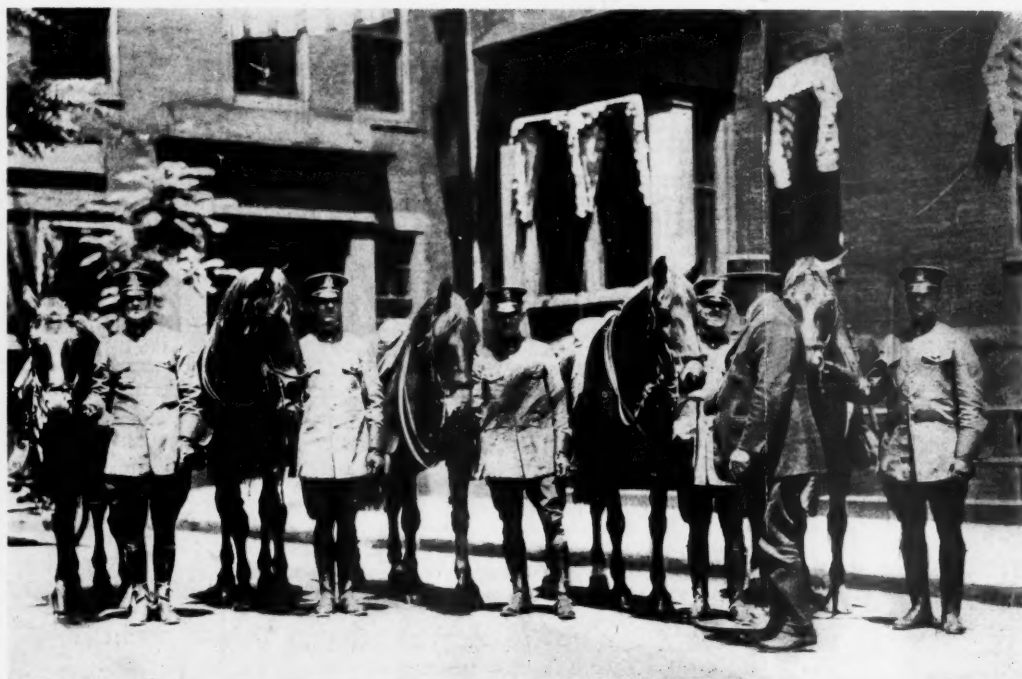
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# Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark Registered

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM

The Massachusetts Society  
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
The American Humane Education Society  
The American Band of Mercy



I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.  
—COWPER

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No. 4

IN Iceland, where there are no railroads, horseback riding is a necessity as well as the chief recreation of the country.

IF a dog is worth owning at all, he should be worth the price of the annual license fee. In Boston, for the year ending July 1, nearly 4,000 unlicensed dogs were destroyed.

STORKS are reported to be extremely scarce in Holland. It is said that they have been killed off by eating grasshoppers poisoned by farmers in the Transvaal, Africa.

ALTOGETHER too many dogs in Massachusetts (as well as in other states) are being run over by careless automobile drivers—the same class who endanger human lives by their unnecessarily reckless driving.

GEORGE W. DICKINSON of the Michigan State Fair is authority for the statement that draft horses are in greater demand today than for many years and that the demand is increasing constantly.

FOR protection from Mexican comedy bull-fighters, Los Angeles has passed an ordinance making it a misdemeanor for any person or firm to promote or manage any bull-fight, bull-dodging contests, etc., in that city. It may become necessary for other American cities to follow this example.

BACK of the trap-maker, the trapper, trader, furrier, wholesaler and retailer, is the fur wearer. This is the one who would be first summoned into court and made to face his or her suffering, tormented victim, if wild animals had the power to compel the punishment of their deadliest foes.

THE performing animal act is not new. Pliny tells of an elephant made to walk on the tight rope at the spectacles given by Germanicus at the beginning of the Christian era. The same writer describes an act where four elephants walked upon parallel ropes and carried between them a litter supporting a fifth, who feigned sickness.

## FORWARD

A THOUSAND creeds and battle-cries,  
A thousand warring social schemes,  
A thousand new moralities,  
And twenty thousand thousand dreams!

Each on his own anarchic way,  
From the old order breaking free—  
Our ruined world desires, you say,  
License, once more, not Liberty.

But ah, beneath the struggling foam,  
When storm and change are on the deep,  
How quietly the tides come home,  
And how the depths of sea-shine sleep!

And we who march toward a goal,  
Destroying only to fulfil  
The law, the law of that great soul  
Which moves beneath your alien will;

We, that like foemen meet the past  
Because we bring the future, know  
We only fight to achieve at last  
A great reunion with our foe;

Reunion in the truths that stand  
When all our wars are rolled away;  
Reunion of the heart and hand  
And of the prayers wherewith we pray;

Reunion in the common needs  
The common strivings of mankind;  
Reunion of our warring creeds  
In the one God that dwells behind.

Forward!—what use in idle words?  
Forward, O warriors of the soul!  
There will be breaking up of swords  
When that new morning makes us whole.

ALFRED NOYES

IS there anything finer to look upon in the animal world than a big, well-bred, well-kept horse, or anything that gives more value in return for its keep?" asks the editor of the *New Bedford Times*.

"Train the children, train their hands, train their heads, and, above all, train their hearts, and our future will be one of good men and women."

DESPITE the agricultural slump in 1921, the value of the swine of the United States was estimated at \$875,000,000.

THE Liverpool Branch of the Royal S. P. C. A. held its first annual poster contest this year. There were 231 posters received from the school children.

CONGRATULATIONS to the San Diego Humane Society for its apparently successful efforts in stopping the killing of seals off the coast of southern California. Complaints about this practice had been received from as far as Jersey City, N. J.

AT Lebanon, Ohio, a monument has been erected in honor of the men of Warren County who developed the Poland China hog, one of the four chief breeds of this animal in the United States. An ode, written for the occasion, was one of the features at the dedication exercises.

SIR EMERSON TENNANT, a great traveler, tells that when the leader of a herd of elephants is wounded, all his "following" do their utmost to protect him from danger. When driven to extremity, they place him in their center, and crowd in front of him so eagerly that sportsmen have to shoot a number of them to kill him.

BY a ruling, given out by post-office officials in July, postmasters are enabled to provide meat for the office cats. This tardy official recognition of the cat as a necessity in post-offices came about as the result of observation in parcel post centers, which are favorite feeding places for rats, and a survey of the cat's record as a rat exterminator.

THE horse reigns supreme in Mackinac Island, Lake Huron, where motor cars have never been allowed. The island is barely ten miles in circumference. Although there are many wealthy summer inhabitants, who would like to drive high-powered automobiles there, the local government is controlled by the natives, who keep a constant watch at the wharf to see that no motor cars are landed.

## JACK LONDON CLUB HALTING CRUELTY TRAINED ANIMAL TURNS BECOMING LESS THE SPORT OF CROWDS

**JACK LONDON** Clubs have already succeeded in bringing about public aversion to performing animals in many localities. We are informed of the cutting short of programs, the eliminating of animal turns, and even the avoidance of many places by traveling troupes. Press agents and their managers are being forced to yield to the rising tide of popular feeling against the stage training of animals.

**THE KING OF ENGLAND** refused to witness performances by so-called trained animals, and when present at the London Hippodrome none were exhibited. The *Manchester City News*, in commenting on this fact, said: "If King George's subjects will imitate his example and cease to watch the antics of animals on the stage, the whole shady business of so-called training will speedily cease."

**HUMANITARIANISM** (the inventor of the word has done more harm to the thing than many enemies) has marched in seven-leagued boots for the last century, but it is still the youngest birth of the progressive human spirit, and the crusade against performing animals is one of its youngest offspring."

H. J. M. in *The Anti-Vivisection Journal*

**ONE** hundred and fifty-four students of the Maxwell Training School for Teachers, Brooklyn, N. Y., have sent their names for membership in the Jack London Club. They take their place in the front rank of the forces that are waging a campaign against positive and patent cruelties.

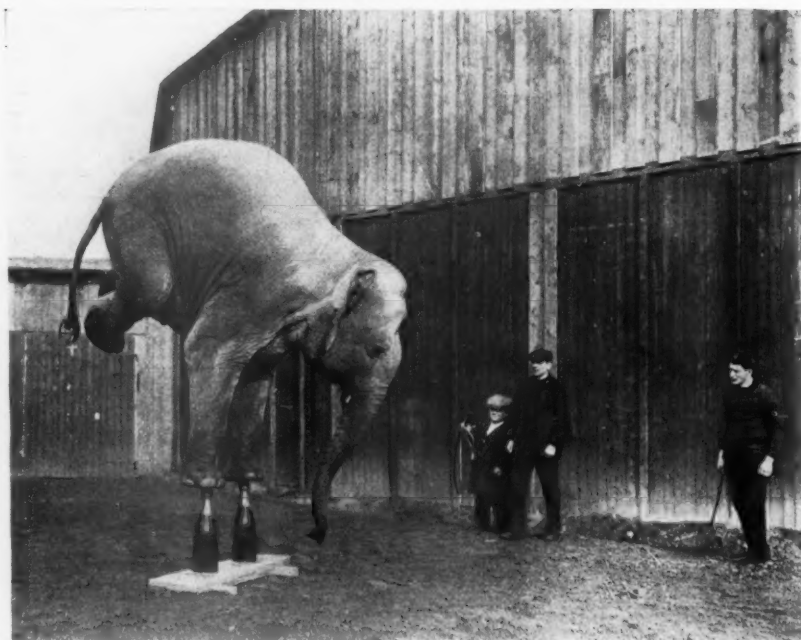
**EXHIBITIONS** in which cruelty to animals is enacted or involved are in the same category as moving pictures that depict vice and crime. They are subversive of minds and morals.

**A SCHOOL TEACHER** in Reno, Nevada, is sending out literature to every teacher in Nevada for the purpose of starting Jack London Clubs.

**ALL** done by **KINDNESS** is still the same old gag of the animal trainer. The Jack London Club is exposing its falsity.



BROKEN IN SPIRIT



Underwood

The trainer repeatedly thrust his iron hook into the tenderest parts of the elephant's hide in his efforts to teach the animal to lie down.

"Why do you do that?" asked a man who had been watching.

"To make him lay down."

"But it's brutal."

"Well, ain't he a brute?"

"I know," persisted the man, "but you should do it some other way."

"Mister," said the trainer in a tone of finality, "there ain't any other way. You can't break animals with a feather duster."

### "Better than Legislation"

Mr. George Bernard Shaw is quoted in *The Animal's Friend* as saying the following at the one hundredth anniversary of Richard Martin's Animal Act:

"I don't think these animals [performing animals] ought to be forgotten on an occasion like this." People might have arguments to excuse their habit of eating animals, they might believe they themselves would be dead if they did not, but they could not use the same argument to excuse their looking at elephants made to perform for their amusement. Anyone who doubted the cruelty in training and transit connected with the business could read of it in the evidence lately issued by the Select Committee of Inquiry. It was Mr. Shaw's opinion that the whole business would stop tomorrow if the animal turns were received in complete silence; it would make the managers understand and very soon we should not be asked to see them. It would be better than legislation.

### Wild Animal Acts Indefensible

Some pointed questions are asked by the *Ottawa Daily Citizen* concerning wild animal performances and the conclusions drawn are indicative of editorial opinion that is both sane and humane.

"Are the simple tricks which they [wild animals] are goaded into performing so amusing or so interesting that they are a necessary part of the circus? Would the circus suffer if this part were eliminated? One doesn't

mind the elephants and the dogs who seem to find some modicum of zest and pleasure in their work. But the larger carnivora, the 'big cats,' are their terrified posturings in any way a credit to our advanced civilization and our boasted humaneness? It is plain to see that these creatures are not trained to do their tricks by kindness. It is equally plain to see that they are made to perform through fear and cruelty. The sight is degrading, and while a thrill may be gained, what is the cost?

"The holding in captivity of any of the larger wild animals except under the most ideal conditions is objectionable; to make them perform for our 'amusement' by cowering them with scourges is indefensible. Perhaps some day they will be protected by law. But before then public opinion must be definitely against the exhibition of performing wild animals."

### Will Combat Animal Performances

THE GLOUCESTER COUNTY DISTRICT SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS  
Woodbury, N. J.

American Humane Education Society:

Kindly send us one hundred "Foreword to Michael Brother of Jerry," as soon as possible. We have urgent need in combating trained animal performances in the county. If possible to stop exhibits here by educating our youths and governing bodies, we will do so. If not, we shall need a larger number of these leaflets for general distribution before performances occur.

HELEN S. COOPER, Sec'y

## AN ENTREATY

MINNIE LEONA UPTON

*OPEN thy mouth for the dumb!"*

*Thus in the centuries olden  
Spake in the cause of the voiceless  
A voice with a message golden;  
And the message is vibrant still  
With a force that shall send it thrilling  
Till every heart is tender  
Toward all of life, God willing!*

*"Open thy mouth for the dumb!"*

*Thou of the eye discerning,  
Over, and over, and over,  
For the world is slow in learning!  
"Open thy mouth for the dumb,"  
Thou of the speech compelling,  
With fervor, and hope, and patience  
Their woes and their wonders telling.*

*"Open thy speech for the dumb,"*

*Thou with the pen of magic,  
Painting their charm and their beauty,  
Painting their misery tragic!  
All ye with hearts of compassion  
Heed to the call, and come!  
There is need, sore need, for your helping—  
How can ye dare be dumb!*

## SOME MONUMENTS TO ANIMALS

HOMER KINGSLEY

OUR friends the Japanese are convinced that animals have souls and a hereafter. At the close of the war with China they consecrated with much religious pomp and ceremony a magnificent monument, erected at a cost of forty thousand dollars, at Tokio, to the memory of their horses lost in the campaign, while in 1905 grand funeral services were held at Miyagi for the horses killed in the war with Russia.

In the presence of the whole people, the royal family and the military, prayers were said by the clergy of the Buddhist and Shinto rites for the welfare and repose of the spirits of the horses that had given their lives in the services of the country. Offerings of wheat and oats were placed on a large altar, and then the ranking general present delivered a memorial address while the troops stood at attention. He told of the bravery of the horses, the number that had fallen, he solemnly thanked their spirits—that is to say, their souls—in the name of the emperor, of the army, and of the nation for the assistance which they had afforded to their human comrades in gaining the victory from the Russians.

There is no doubt that Alexander the Great entertained belief in the hereafter of horses. For not content with entombing his favorite charger, Bucephalus, killed under him at the battle of Hydaspes, in a splendid mausoleum, he actually founded and built, as a lasting memorial to him, the city of Bucephala, which became one of the most important and densely populated centers of trade in Asia.

It was in the same spirit, undoubtedly, that Frederick the Great erected one of the most beautiful Lutheran churches in Prussian Poland, a magnificent edifice in white stone, which age has failed to damage, as a memorial to his favorite charger, killed beneath him at the battle of Kunersdorf—a horse to which on several occasions he had owed his life. It is said that the horse lies entombed within the precincts of the church.

There are other instances of animals being interred within Christian churches. Thus the

favorite dog of William the Silent, which twice saved his master from assassination by its watchfulness, and succumbed to grief a couple of days after his death, lies buried at his feet in the Nieuw Kirk at Delft, which for hundreds of years has been the last resting-place of the royal house of Orange.

Few who have visited St. George's chapel at Windsor, where so many of the members of the reigning house of England lie at rest, are aware that among its illustrious dead there are the remains of a pet monkey. It belonged to the Countess of Lincoln, wife of Queen Elizabeth's lord high admiral. It did not survive its mistress, and lies beside her in the beautiful tomb in the Lincoln Chapel of St. George's—a tomb surmounted by the recumbent figures of the Earl and of his consort, the feet of the latter being pressed against the stone figure of the ape.

The Cid's horse, Babieca, was, in recent years, entombed before the gates of the Temple Monastery at Valencia, in Spain, and two elms were planted to adorn the site.

The great Duke of Wellington erected at his country seat at Strathfieldsaye a stately tomb, costing some twenty thousand, for Copenhagen, the charger which he had ridden

at the battle of Waterloo, when he remained no less than seventeen hours in the saddle without dismounting.

Copenhagen was buried with full military, though not ecclesiastical honors, a firing party of soldiers being present, while the ceremony was brought to a close by the sounding of "taps," the familiar and most pathetic feature of every soldier's funeral.

Copenhagen is commemorated in bronze on Alfred's magnificent tomb of the Iron Duke, in St. Paul's cathedral. It is only in the last few years that the memorial has been completed by the addition of the horse, the delay having been due to the late Dean Milman, who for a long time would not permit the statue of a horse within the precincts of the cathedral. Many thought that it was calculated to give ecclesiastical encouragement to betting and to the other attendant evils of horse racing.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel. Stalls and kennels are marked with the names of the donors.



Photo from Boston Globe  
THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. WATER STATION IN COPLEY SQUARE, BOSTON

# "DICK," THE NEWSPAPER HORSE

MRS. BERT HOUSTON

FOR sixteen years "Dick" has been pulling a cart for carriers on a *Joplin Globe* route through East Joplin, Kansas. Carriers come and go, but Dick always is sold with the route. He has changed hands more than once during his newspaper "career."

Persons to whom the route is sold demand that the horse be included in the deal. There is a reason for this. Dick knows the route. His intelligence in this respect is almost human. The driver never has to touch the reins or to tell him when to stop or start, and he knows when and where to pull close to the curb.

There are more than 600 subscribers on the route and Dick has every one placed. How about new subscribers? Just once does the horse have to be guided to one. After that he goes there without direction.

An average of 600 papers, six days a week for sixteen years, makes quite a large number of deliveries. The route is about six miles long. So the number of miles covered by the horse is about 30,000 or several thousand miles more than the earth's circumference. Dick has not missed a morning that the *Globe* has been published since he began his service. His present master believes the horse is good for many more years.

## A PERFECT HORSE

THE attorney-general of South Carolina, Sam'l M. Wolfe of Columbia, sends us this picture of his horse "Prince," and writes:

Prince is eleven years old, a gelding, weighs 1,200 pounds; with the exception of two white stockings and a star in his forehead, as black as anthracite coal, bred in Missouri and of a mixed Arabian-Moravian strain.

He is perfect in his proportions and rhythmic in his movement. He is a most remarkable horse in that he combines beauty, spirit, gentleness and intelligence. I ride him for my exercise, instead of playing golf. Prince understands me and I understand him, therefore we are good pals. He is a fine, stylish harness horse and this is his real fort. He stars at all the fairs and is thoroughly cognizant of his being on exhibition.

He has a contempt for an automobile and refuses to be hitched where one is parked.

I have owned him from a colt and am doing all I can to prolong his life. His stable affords him the best of food and fresh water at all times. And he is given a good, clean bed.



"PRINCE," OWNED BY DISTRICT ATTORNEY SAM'L M. WOLFE, COLUMBIA, S. C.

# The Stay of Execution

The Story of an Old Horse Who Earned His Right to a Pension

SO "Blackie," was condemned to die. "Can't help it, wife," responded the ranch owner. "You know that we haven't much hay valley on our land, and we have to feed every hoof on the place while the snow lasts. And it's been on the ground now for the last three months without a thaw," he added ruefully.

"But he's been such a good, faithful old horse, Dan. They say up in town that he and his mate were the finest team in Nebraska, fifteen years ago. His coat is just like black velvet now."

"Well, he has only got three good legs, and it takes as much hay to fill him up as it does one of the big mares. The old horse will eat every bit of two tons of hay this winter."

"But he has been so good and honest, Dan. They say he—"

"Good and honest—good and faithful"; maybe he has, I don't deny that. But he hasn't earned his salt since I have had him. I thought that old team didn't amount to much when Miller threw them in when I bought his relinquishment to this place. People don't give away a twenty-four hundred pound team if they are any good. Old John lay down and died in three months, and old Blackie hasn't done a stroke of work since the day he pulled that last load of coal from town. That bad front leg of his gave out entirely."

"Are you going to shoot him?"

"Yes." Then, not liking the look on his wife's face, he added, "If it was old Freddie, now, that we've owned for fourteen years, I'd be willing to feed him. I don't doubt that this winter will be about all for him, anyway. Then he'll go on the pension list," he laughed, anxious to placate his wife.

This conversation took place three years ago—and old Blackie is still eating his two tons of hay each winter. This is the story:

The very next day a dreadful blizzard came up. The morning came in bright and sunshiny. All the stock, including the colts, were turned out.

"Better let them have a chance to stretch their legs. They've been cooped up in the corral and the sheds long enough," the ranchman's boy said, as he opened the gates.

In the afternoon the clouds came up. Flur-

ries of snow filled the air. The cows came drifting in. Shortly after, the rest of the cattle followed. The ranchman and his son had gone to a neighbor's and barely got home before the white blanket covered everything.

"Has the stock come in, wife?" the ranchman inquired anxiously, as he stamped the snow from his shoes.

"All the cattle have," she answered. "I sent Milly out after the colts, but she couldn't find them."

Her husband started to his feet in alarm.

"Hasn't she got back yet?"

"Yes, she is in the other room warming her feet."

"It is a mighty good thing she is in the house. The boy and I had all we could do to get home."

They warmed themselves at the fire, then, tying ropes about them, started out to the stables to hay the cattle for the night. So dense was the blinding snow that the ropes were used for safety. They were fastened to the kitchen door. The ranchman's wife held the ends until two pulls, the signal, told her that they had reached the barn safely. It was impossible to see a foot ahead. They fastened the ropes to the barn. Thus they were enabled to reach the house again.

This particular ranchman owned fifteen of the finest colts in the vicinity. All during the time they were in the barn and cattle sheds he bewailed the fact that they were out in the storm.

"Everything is in but them, Jim," he said to his son. "I should have thought they would have known enough to come to the sheds."

"I expect they are over in some of the pockets in the hills. They are only yearlings, and they grew pretty tired of being shut up, I suppose," the boy answered.

Just before they returned to the house they passed the stall where old Blackie stood, "eating his head off," the ranchman said. The storm, and the fact that his fine bunch of colts were as good as gone, made the ranchman irritable. He seized a pitchfork.

"Here," he ordered the boy. "Open that east door. Now chase this old black plug outside. I'm tired of filling his old carcass."

The boy hesitated.

"Let him stay in, father," he pleaded. "The poor old thing will die, sure, if you turn him out in the storm."

"Well, let him die. It will save me the trouble of shooting him."

So poor old faithful Blackie was turned out to die. The wind came up. Even before they started back to the house his back was covered with snow. Although it was only five o'clock it was dark, and the lamps were lighted. Just before bedtime the ranchman bundled up and went out to the stables to see if everything was all right for the night.

All evening they had sat hugging the stove and talking about the fate of the colts. It is no small thing for a homesteader to lose fifteen head of fine, strong, handsome yearlings. Their two winters in Nebraska had taught them that no colt or calf ever weathered a blizzard.

To his surprise he found the corral gate was down. He went through the barn to the sheds. I don't think he was much of a pray-

ing man, but right there he uttered heartfelt thanks to the Lord. The colts—he counted them, yes, fifteen, they were all snugly packed away, head and tail, under the thick, two-foot wall sheds, *safe*.

He wondered greatly. When he returned to the house he told the good news.

"I can't understand how they found their way in," he said over and over again. "I never heard of anything like it in my life."

While they were discussing it the boy slipped out.

"Maybe that poor old black horse is out there suffering," he said to himself. "If I see him, I'm going to let him in. Father is so glad about the colts, he won't care, I know."

He went to the barn first to get a lantern. He stepped into the feed room to light it. As he stepped back into the barn the rays shone full upon old Blackie, crunching away at the hay in his manger.

"Of course," the boy thought as he returned to the house, "it was old Blackie that saved the colts."

It was three days before the blizzard was over. Hundreds of stock and colts perished. When they told the neighbors about the colts they said: "Why, certainly old Blackie knows his way all over that place blindfolded. You couldn't lose him if you tried."

Now you know as much about it as I do. The colts were out. They could not possibly find their way in. The old horse was pitchforked out. I think he found his way to the pocket where the colts were trying to keep warm. No doubt that they coaxed him to lead them to the warmth of the sheds. Anyway, that is how the ranchman figured it out—and old Blackie is still a pensioner on the ranch.

C. E. H.

#### A DREAM

JOSEPH R. SCHADEL

THE following incident took place in a dream only, but if the details are studied, more pathetic truth than imagination will be found as well as a plea for the hunted creatures of the woods, forest, prairie, and frozen regions which are so unnecessarily made the victims of the wanton hand of civilization.

It seemed that I suddenly found myself in a large field where two or three men with rifles were chatting together and proudly displaying their weapons of destruction. As in all dreams, the men did not seem to be aware of my presence, and suddenly one of them made a gesture for silence and pointed out into the field. Bringing his rifle to his shoulder, he fired. A little white rabbit leaped into the air and fell dead in the deep grass. Even in my dream something seemed to revolt inside me. But as I watched, a larger rabbit suddenly appeared from somewhere and, glancing about hurriedly, tenderly took up the little dead creature in its mouth and started away.

"The man who fires now ought to be shot himself," I distinctly remember saying to the men who held rifles. A shout of derision burst from the group and I—awoke.

Merely a dream, but oh, what better illustration does humanity need to prove that the abolition of hunting means less suffering and a long stride in moral regeneration?

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be replaced on application.

## The Oldest Horse in the World

ROBERT H. MOULTON



"CLOVER," BELIEVED TO BE FIFTY-ONE YEARS OLD

THE ordinary span of horse life is twenty years, but there is a horse in Catawissa, Pa., the property of the Rev. Dr. Uriah Myers, which is fifty-one years old and rated the oldest horse in the world. As a matter of fact, there is no record of any other horse having lived anywhere near as long as this. A short time ago it looked as if the horse, named Clover, might have to be killed, because his owner could not afford to keep him. But the story of his extreme age and admirable character having gone abroad, gifts of money and offers of maintenance came from many sources, so that now Clover will be retired from active service on a pension. Moreover, an eminent veterinarian even promises Clover many more years in which to enjoy his good fortune and his fame.

When Clover was a young horse, he was famed as a racer in Kentucky, and has a record of having trotted a mile in 2:22, and paced a mile in 2:17, many years ago, of course. His owner believes he could do fifteen miles a day at the present time without any physical strain. He comes of Hambletonian stock, his head, particularly, resembling that of Rysdyk's Hambletonian. At fifteen years of age he came into the possession of Dr. Myers, and for thirty-five years loyally served his ministerial master.

Clover has a certain sporting look even yet. He stands a bit shaggy and crocky today, for his half-century legs that carried him a mile in the blue grass country when Jay Eye See wasn't even foaled, never were mates. Oddly enough, Clover isn't lame, because the hoof of the shorter leg is longer and equalizes its length to that of the longer foreleg. He stands sixteen hands and weighs about 1,200 pounds, and his condition shows the excellent care his master has given him. His ration, twice daily, consists of one scoop of bran, one of middlings, and two of a mixture of oats, clover and molasses, topped off with three ears of corn. It takes him a long time to eat this, as he masticates slowly.

According to the veterinarian who examined Clover recently, the horse is sound in

wind, and has wonderfully clean legs, and there is a luster to his coat that is remarkable in an animal so old. His only blemish is a cataract on the right eye, but this is not necessarily traceable to old age. It is hard to tell the exact age of a horse by his teeth after his fifteenth year. However, the contour of the mouth changes with age. In a young horse the teeth meet at an obtuse angle, but as the animal grows older the angle becomes more and more acute. Judging by this, Clover has the oldest mouth that veterinarians have ever seen. His incisors are as long as a man's forefinger and straight in the jawbone. The most surprising thing is that the teeth are in as good condition as those of a ten-year-old horse. His molars are perfect and in this fact undoubtedly lies the secret of his health. The horse is remarkably spry and playful and astonishes one, who knows his age, with the quickness of his movements. He lies down and gets up with ease, a sign that he is still many years from his end. One of the first symptoms of marked old age in a horse is the difficulty of lying down and getting up again.

#### THE SEA-HEDGEHOG

LILLIAN TROTT

A NOT uncommon fish in the waters bordering countries on the shores of both the Old and New World is called, by Americans, the sea-hedgehog, from its habit of puffing itself full of air till its round shape and bristling skin lend it the look of a porcupine.

This fish, the diodon, has a rough covering, or rather, the inflation gives its scales a chestnut-like guise, and when it swallows air and inflates its sides, it looks quite as bristling and ferocious as so small a fish could hope to appear. No doubt many a finny foe passes it by when it takes on this fierce body mask, and surely no bare-handed fisherman would grasp at any live thing so armed. Such is its defense.

It has several cousins with this power of inflation, but without the covering like a chestnut-burr.

## Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor  
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

SEPTEMBER, 1922

FOR TERMS see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 800 words in length, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

### MRS. DOYLE'S APT CRITICISM

A SAD comment on the appearance of horses in some of our American cities is that of the wife of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who, on leaving after her recent visit here, said that the one shadow on the trip had been the sight of horses harnessed so that their heads and necks were drawn back into a position "where they must have suffered agonies."

"This is continually forced on your sight, especially in Washington," she said. "People so kind-hearted as Americans usually are would not be guilty of causing such suffering if they realized what they were doing."

### NEWSPAPERS AND CATS

IN July the *Montreal Star* published an effective cartoon labeled "The Inhumanity of Man." It showed a black cat sitting sad and forlorn, but still expectant, on the steps of a deserted dwelling. This was made the subject of a half-column editorial in the influential *Republican* of Springfield, Mass., in which occurs this comment: "The mere thought, without graphic illustration, is enough to convict of inhumanity any person who leaves a household pet to run the risk of starvation in a city neighborhood where it has limited opportunity to prey upon rodents or other animals by which it might feed itself. The cat is a domesticated animal and must not be treated as a wild creature."

That two such well-known newspapers have a good word to say for the cat goes far to offset the attacks on this animal that have appeared, from time to time, in certain less substantial papers which do not have an enviable reputation for publishing "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

### EXERCISE FOR CHAINED DOGS

A DOG must have freedom and exercise or he cannot be well and happy. If your dog must be chained a part of the time, fasten a wire from the corner of your house or barn to a tree or a post, or between two trees. This wire may be thirty feet long. Suspend from the wire a chain or leather strap by a ring which must be large enough to run easily on the wire. The other end of the chain must have a fastening which can be attached to the dog's collar, then he can run up and down the length of the wire and get some exercise, and also get into the shade when the sun is hot.

### AN OLD COLLEGE ADDRESS

WHEN Richard Burton, the well-known head of the English department of the University of Minnesota, was literary editor of the *Hartford Courant*,—that is, back in 1895,—he delivered a lecture to the students of Trinity College on "Dogs and Dog Literature." Twenty years ago this address, appropriately enough, was published by the Connecticut Humane Society. Some time ago we requested a copy and were favored with the last remaining one—a 44-page pamphlet in yellow paper covers. Fresh from a re-reading of this essay, with its subtle appreciation of canine nature, we are tempted to say that it should be better known among dog-lovers of the present day, and indeed that we know of but few such sympathetic treatments of the subject that have appeared during the generation since this was written. Do not the following words express the sentiment of every sincere worker in the cause of animal welfare?

"Now, as never before, thoughtful and sound-hearted men and women everywhere are making the protection and comfort of animals their special business. It is coming to be felt that the humanitarianism which stops short with man, ignoring the vast majority of sentient beings to whom numerically *Homo sapiens* is utterly insignificant, is narrow and arbitrary; that a religion which explains satisfactorily God's relation to the mortal race, but leaves all lower orders to suffer and to die, is partial and by so much unconvincing; that the argument, so to say, does not go on all fours."

MOTOR truck and tractor manufacturers are coming to the conclusion that they can no longer fool the farmers by representing their high-cost machines as eliminators of horse-power. They are now instructing their salesmen to say that "the truck will supplement the horse, not supplant him." The moment one tells the farmer that the truck or tractor will do away with the horse, he simply builds up sales resistance. Scrapping the mechanical fleet and acquiring more horse-power looks as if the American farmer, at least, was getting back to normalcy.

### EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

#### An Annuity Plan

Each of our two Societies will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, Charles G. Bancroft, president of the International Trust Company, Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, and John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject, and will be glad to furnish all further details.

### CRUEL TO CATS—FINED \$50

THE Massachusetts S. P. C. A. will prosecute owners of cats who abandon, or fail to provide for their animals, under Sec. 77, Chap. 272 of the General Laws. In the District Court at Cambridge one Edward Bushman was convicted recently of unnecessarily failing to provide proper food and drink for his cats. Bushman went away on a four-days' vacation, leaving a mother cat and three kittens locked up in his home. The cries of the kittens reached the ears of neighbors, who notified the Society. Officer Enos obtained a search warrant and entered the house. He found the mother cat dead and the kittens dying of starvation. Kittens were removed to the Angell Animal Hospital and their heartless owner summoned into court the next day. He was found guilty and fined \$50. THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. ISSUES A PUBLIC WARNING AGAINST THE CRIMINAL OFFENSE OF ABANDONING A CAT.

### FOR A HORSE-WHIPPER

A BOSTON driver, who recently whipped an old horse till there were ten ridges on his side, was put in court by an officer of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. This is what the judge said to the defendant: "I wish the conditions had been the reverse that day you hit the horse. I wish you had been in the shafts and your horse had the whip. Then you would have known how he felt. I fine you \$25."

The fine was paid promptly.

### RODEOS IN CALIFORNIA

IT is very encouraging to follow the report of the San Francisco S. P. C. A. in regard to the successful regulation of the otherwise objectionable rodeo in that vicinity. The open season is now on and the officers of the San Francisco Society have been kept busy attending such exhibitions.

At the rodeo held at Ewing Field, San Francisco, for the Stablemen's Association, the management complied with all requirements, but if the Society had not been represented many objectionable stunts would have been tried by several butchertown cowboys in their effort to "show off."

During the Shriners' rodeo in San Francisco, held for one week, the officers of the Society were present at all performances. The management complied with their requirements in every particular. Although there was a request to allow hog-tying of calves (roping, throwing and tying three legs), the officers refused to allow it. No steers were allowed to be twisted down in the bull-dogging and participants were notified that any complaint of cruelty would disqualify them.

At the last meeting of the board of trustees of the San Francisco Society the secretary stated that it had been reported to him that objectionable stunts had taken place at the rodeo held recently during the Days of '49 Celebration. The trustees decided that a humane officer should be present at all rodeos held north of the Tehachapi Mountains, and offered the services of such an officer to the State Humane Association in order that these rodeos be properly regulated.

Humane Officer W. Osborn of the Oakland S. P. C. A., in attendance at the rodeo held in Livermore in July, reports that the management complied with his requirements.



Founded by George T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*  
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*  
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*  
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

**Trustees of Permanent Funds**

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Telephone (Complaints, Ambulance) Brookline 6100  
L. WILLARD WALKER, *Chief Officer*  
HARRY L. ALLEN, WALTER B. POPE  
HARVEY R. FULLER, DAVID A. BOLTON  
THEODORE W. PEARSON, AMBROSE F. NOWLIN  
WILLIAM ENOS

**MONTHLY REPORT**

Cases investigated ..... 741  
Animals examined ..... 3,379  
Number of prosecutions ..... 26  
Number of convictions ..... 24  
Horses taken from work ..... 118  
Horses humanely put to sleep ..... 76  
Small animals humanely put to sleep ..... 728

**Stock-yards and Abattoirs**

Animals inspected ..... 79,662  
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep ..... 79

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequests of \$18,000 (in part) from Lucy S. Brewer; \$2,450 from Miss Lilian F. Clarke; and \$25 (additional) from Emily S. Neal, all of Boston.

It has received gifts of \$300 from Miss M. L.; \$100 each from E. S. P., Mrs. L. A. F., Miss S. A. D., Miss E. M. C., W. E. N., Mrs. H. A. H., and "S"; \$50 each from Miss A. P. C., Mrs. K. K. D., and Miss M. H. T.; \$40 from a friend; \$40 from Miss E. V. R., of which \$35 is for free endowment of dog kennel "in memory of Dixie"; \$35 from Mrs. G. T. D. and others; \$35 from Mrs. H. D. P. for free endowment of dog kennel "in memory of McGregor"; \$35 from H. D. P. for free endowment of dog kennel "in memory of Jack"; \$25 each from A. L., W. H. R., Miss C. A. F., Mrs. F. C. H., A. McC., D. A. R., Mrs. M. R. G., G. W., Miss A. M. F., Mrs. H. H., A. F. C., Miss C. A. C., Miss C. F. B., G. T. D., Mrs. A. T. H., and Miss M. A.; and \$20 from Miss E. G. H.

The Society has been remembered in the will of the Hon. Chas. A. Barnard of Boston.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$460 from two New York friends; and \$100 each from a Rhode Island friend and Mrs. A. T. W.

August 8, 1922.

**Angell Memorial Animal Hospital**

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Brookline 6100

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., *Chief Veterinarian*

R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.,

*Resident Assistant*

D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.

HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*

**FREE Dispensary for Animals**

Treatment for sick or injured animals.

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

**HOSPITAL REPORT FOR JULY**

Hospital		Free Dispensary	
Cases entered	476	Cases	650
Dogs	312	Dogs	462
Cats	133	Cats	175
Horses	29	Horses	7
Bird	1	Birds	4
Monkey	1	Cow	1
		Ferret	1
Operations	277		
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15, 28,712			
Free Dispensary cases		35,204	
Total		63,916	

**NEW AMBULANCE FOR DOGS**

TO meet the increasing demand upon the Angell Hospital for the transportation of dogs and other small animals, a new Dodge ambulance was purchased by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. in August. This vehicle is similar, in body design, to the Ford ambulance formerly in commission.

We have already ordered a new Dodge coupe for use by our traveling field officer who is constantly making long trips throughout the state. The extra expense of these motor vehicles is quite a burden, in addition to our regular budget, and we urge any who may be able to do so to contribute to this special fund.

**TO OUR FRIENDS**

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other Society of a similar character.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

**FORM OF BEQUEST**

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, to The American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of ..... dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

**SLEEPS IN STABLE TWO NIGHTS**

**Wide Publicity Given to Unique Sentence in Massachusetts Court**

THE newspapers of New England, especially of Boston, gave much space to a case prosecuted in July by an officer of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., who charged a Wakefield man with neglect and underfeeding of a horse. Judge Thomas P. Riley who sentenced the defendant to sleep two nights in his horse's stall (a sentence which was carried out), sums up the case, in an interview in the *Boston Herald*, as follows:—

"Here was a fellow who owned a horse. He was accused of mistreating it. There was no doubt he did mistreat it. The horse was in terrible condition. Its ribs showed, its hind hoofs were spread, its front hoofs had grown over its shoes, its stall was filthy, actually maggoty from neglect. And the horse was nearly starved. Under the law I could have given that fellow a month in jail.

"But what good would that do? That wouldn't help the horse any. And the man had a family. The family couldn't spare him for a month. They needed his support. Now, there are two things a man hates more than anything else—ridicule and contempt. A man would rather go to jail than undergo ridicule or contempt.

"So I thought of the man's family, innocent in the matter. I thought of that poor, old, hungry horse in the maggoty cell and then decided it would be a good thing for Putnam to sleep there. I knew the sentence would accomplish several things. The stall would be cleaned. The horse would get better treatment. Putnam would be the only sufferer and his family wouldn't have to undergo hardship."

Among the numerous pointed editorial comments elicited by this case was the following from the *Brookton Times*: "Surely, that horse poked his head inside the barn door and laughed. Talk about 'making the punishment fit the crime!' Gilbert and Sullivan with Solomon to help, could have done no better. A few more such righteous judgments scattered judiciously around the country, and there would be a notable improvement in the treatment of man's dumb friends."

**WATER FOR THIRSTY HORSES**

FROM the hydrant station in Copley Square, Boston, pictured on page 53, there were 1,142 horses given water in July. From similar stations in Post Office Square and at the corner of Atlantic Avenue and Commercial Street, there were, respectively, 9,239 and 5,808 horses watered. The traveling water cart of the Society, in the same time, relieved the thirst of 3,839 horses.

A DEAR old lady in Vermont was much concerned by the contents of a letter she had received from her sister in Boston.

"Listen to this, Henry," she said to her husband, as she approached to read from the letter, "I call it nothing short of cruelty."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Henry.

"In this letter," resumed the old lady, "Abigail tells me she gets help in raisin' her children from a mother's club. I do believe in a slipper sometimes, an' a good birchin' don't do a child any harm, but I never in all my life used a club on any of my offspring."

—Kind Words



## American Humane Education Society

Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see last page. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

### Officers of the American Humane Education Society

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*  
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*  
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*  
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

### Trustees of Permanent Funds

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### Humane Press Bureau

Mrs. May L. Hall, *Secretary*

### Foreign Corresponding Representatives

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Mrs. Myrta Keeler Campbell ..... Mexico  
Mrs. Alice W. Manning ..... Turkey  
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### Field Workers of the Society

Rev. Richard Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina  
Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California  
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California  
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington  
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee  
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia  
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas  
Miss Blanche Finley, Columbia, South Carolina

### HOW TO RAISE MONEY

WE are often asked by officers of small humane societies, in different parts of the country, how to raise money to meet running expenses. This question is not an easy one to answer satisfactorily because of the vast difference in local conditions in different localities. A plan successful in Boston might not be at all adapted to a small town in the West. To a correspondent in a distant state, who asks for something to sell from a booth, we have suggested our celluloid buttons, with the words "Be Kind to Animals—Humane Society." These are inexpensive and, for purposes of raising money, may be sold at ten cents each.

A WOMAN whose son worked in a bank in a big eastern city proudly informed her neighbors that her son had been promoted again. "He has forged his way to the front," she declared.

### REV. RICHARD CARROLL

FEW humane workers in the South have more largely attended or more enthusiastic audiences than does the Rev. Richard Carroll, our field worker in South Carolina. At Pickens, one Sunday in July, he addressed a large assembly in the Court House. There were as many white as colored people present, the white employees of the local cotton mill flocking to hear the distinguished Negro orator. In the evening, at the First Colored Baptist Church, Mr. Carroll addressed another great audience.

### MR. ANGELL'S PROPHECY

THE following article, written by the late George T. Angell, founder of the American Humane Education Society, appeared in the *Boston Evening Transcript* March 30, 1889, under the title, "The Most Important Discovery of the Nineteenth Century."

The future historian will tell his readers that the most important discovery of the nineteenth century—more important than all discoveries in the art of war, all armor-clad vessels, all guns, fortifications and cannon—more important than all telegraph wires and all the applied powers of steam and electricity—more important than all prisons and penitentiaries—was the discovery of the simple fact that the tap roots of all wars and murders and cruelty and crime could be cut off by simply teaching and leading every child to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that should make some other human being or dumb creature happier. That on the continent of North America, in the city of Boston, on the 16th day of January, 1889, was organized the first incorporated society in the world—*The American Humane Education Society*—for the specific object of awakening the world to the importance of this discovery—that through the American press, by prizes and otherwise, it succeeded in attracting the attention, sympathy and aid of Christians, patriots and philanthropists of all nations—that through its *Bands of Mercy* and an immense free distribution of humane literature it succeeded in reaching the children, not only in every American school, but also in every American home—that in all the schools, prizes and honors were given to those who most excelled in acts of kindness—that the children of the criminal classes were reached, because every criminal, by the commission of crime, forfeited the right of custody of his children, which were taken by State Boards of Charities and placed in surroundings suitable to make them good citizens—that a public sentiment was built up which made the rich kind to the poor, the poor kind to the rich, and all crimes and cruelties infamous, and so in process of time every form of unnecessary human and animal suffering was relieved, and wars, cruelty and crime banished, because every child was taught in all public, private, and Sunday-schools, and in a hundred thousand free kindergartens, supported at public expense, to make its own life happier by seizing every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that should make happier the lives of others, both human and dumb, and that the highest honors of the state and nation were due to those who did the most to increase the nation's happiness.

ONE lesson, shepherd, let us two divide,  
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride  
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

WORDSWORTH

### A CAMERA OR A GUN

FLORENCE JONES HADLEY

HOW much fun is there, if you answer from deep down in your heart, how much real satisfaction is there, in taking the life that God gave as His best gift, and that once taken, no power can give back?

There is nothing more beautiful in outdoor life than a bird a-wing in the clear sky or swaying back and forth on a twig, telling the world how happy he is, and how good life is. He is telling to us, confidentially, how hard he has worked, with the help of his mate, to get that nest just right, and now he has to work hard to feed a number of wide, always-open bills, but that he doesn't care, for they are such wonderfully bright, sweet babies, and he will tell the world they are.

How much better to study the little fellows at close range, noting their form, their coloring, their ways that seem so human sometimes, than to cut short their lives, brief at best, with a careless shot!

There is so much more "fun" in studying the tiny creatures, if you will once try that, and there is such a fund of knowledge stored up in such a study!

This morning I stood watching a flock of birds eagerly hunting crumbs I had thrown to them. There was a crowd of chattering chickadees, and just as they had settled to the business of satisfying keen appetites, down among them hopped a redbird, like a big, crimson blossom. He did not seem hungry, but strutted back and forth, as if to show them what a really beautiful bird was, then, as if catching my desire to see him more plainly, he hopped to the porch just in front of the window, strutting back and forth again, as if to call forth my admiration. And I did admire him, exclaiming softly, "Oh, you beauty, you beauty!" Then, as if satisfied, away he flew. Could I have taken that little life then? No sooner than I could have robbed a human friend of life.

Do you know that without the busy little fellows to destroy bugs, beetles, and other harmful insects, there would be no grain crops for the farmer and for us?

Several years ago the farmers of a western state, believing the birds were destroying their crops, set out to exterminate them, which they did, gleefully, no doubt. But, as in many other cases, their laughter was turned to sighing, for the insect pests then had their way, and the crops, year after year, fell a prey to their insatiate appetites. Then, what do you think the wise farmers did? Why, just wrote Washington to please, please send them some birds, and be quick about it, or there would be no more crops in that state.

Did you ever note the intelligence of birds? It is wonderful, beyond understanding.

I well remember once, in Illinois, a friend and I were strolling along a country lane in late autumn. As we went on we noted birds flying about us, and all in one direction. As we looked we saw that from north, south, east and west, the little creatures came, and all, without a faltering or a mistake, flew directly to a certain spot, where they alighted in a broad meadow.

Still they came, and for an hour we watched them as they flew unhesitatingly to what evidently was their pre-arranged place of meeting. And as they alighted, such a chattering ensued, as if questioning and comparing notes was the order of the hour!

After a brief rest, or perhaps we could

scarcely call it rest, as they were continually hopping about, visiting and chatting excitedly, one that seemed to be the leader, rose, flew off several rods, then again alighted, followed by the entire flock, which now darkened the sky with their numbers. This was repeated at short intervals, until they disappeared from sight.

We watched them with wide eyes, then looked at each other. "How did they all know where and when to come?" we asked at once.

That they all met together to take their way southward was evident, but how did they know, those who came from all four directions? How did they get the word to start? How did they know just the meeting-place—in a certain broad meadow, hundreds of miles, no doubt, from the starting point of many of them?

"Instinct" will not satisfactorily answer the question. The only way they could have known just what to do, where and when to go, and why, was through some means of communication.

And yet these wonderful little children of the Great Father are shot, maimed, killed, and just for fun! Their tiny bodies are left on the ground without one backward glance, perhaps; little ones left in the nest to die from torture of hunger, and all for fun!

When next you go hunting, and go for fun, leave that destructive gun at home, and take a camera instead, or a note-book and pencil for taking notes on the wonderful things you will see, if you keep your eyes open.

### THE MURDERER

REV. GEO. L. JOHNSON

*'TIS not that he has killed a man,  
Or bathed his hands in human blood,  
Nor yet that he's closed heart and hand  
Against the world's great brotherhood;  
But he's a murderer. As such I brand  
The boy that stalks in field and wood  
And kills the little birds.*

*He's taken life, he's hushed a song  
That did its best and asked no need,  
To help this weary world along—  
And sure 'tis song we mostly need.  
But what is far the greater wrong,  
He's hurt God's heart and made it bleed—  
He's killed His little birds.*

*And this my prayer—pray do not start,  
'Tis true and said in all good grace;  
Then hear it through: "Father who art  
In heaven above, Thy dwelling place,  
Lover of birds, from whom apart  
No sparrow falls to its last place,  
Protect Thy little birds.*

*"Brand him 'Murderer,' as Thou didst Cain,  
Who kills Thy birds, in forehead or face,  
Or where 'twill cause him greater pain,  
In heart, conscience, life's vital place,  
Till he shall pray, and not in vain,  
To thee, and find forgiving grace  
For killing little birds."*

Do not throw broken glass or nails into the street, nor drop on the sidewalk banana skins, orange peel, or anything that might cause one to slip. Injuries to horses and human beings have resulted from such carelessness. Do what you can to remedy the thoughtlessness of others.

## Continuous Rains Destroy Birds

EDWARD HOWE FORBUSH, State Ornithologist of Massachusetts

IN most parts of New England and in some of the Maritime Provinces heavy and continuous rain prevailed during most of June and a part of July. Violent thunder storms, hail and fog were experienced, particularly along the coast. Such weather in June and July is almost unprecedented. Nothing approaching it has occurred in New England since June, 1903, when similar conditions prevailed.

Continuous rain is very destructive to birds in the nesting season. Hail beats down flying birds and destroys eggs and young birds in the nest; heavy rain clears the air of insects which form the food of many species which take their food on the wing, such as nighthawks, whip-poor-wills, swallows and swifts. When the air is void of insects some of these birds are unable to find food, and should cold rains continue they cower in their nesting places and there perish,—first the young starve, then the adults die.

Something of this kind has happened to many martins, swallows and swifts. In some parts of Nova Scotia where the rains were very heavy in July, swifts have entirely disappeared. In one locality in Maine "nearly two wheelbarrow loads" of chimney swifts were found dead at the bottom of a great unused chimney of a water company. "Five thousand" swifts were said to have invaded the home of a man in Kingston, N. Y., coming down the chimney and scattering soot over the wallpaper and furnishings.

The July weather in northern Maine, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia was even worse than the June weather in southern New England. Some of the storms might even be called cloudbursts. The rivers rose enormously. The St. John River in New Brunswick is said to have risen 16 feet. Similar floods occurred in New England, submerging nests of the field, meadow, marsh and swamp birds along the river valleys, destroying eggs and young. Not only were the nests of such birds as bitterns, marsh wrens, bobolinks, swamp sparrows and song sparrows sub-

merged, but birds breeding in the bushes, such as kingbirds and red-wing blackbirds, were left homeless and their eggs or young destroyed. In some regions the heavy down-pour filled the nests of birds which breed in hollow trees and drowned them in their holes. Thus bluebirds, tree swallows, woodpeckers and chickadees were destroyed.

Fortunately the precipitation was uneven; in some places much more rain fell than in others. Where the rainfall was severe this, in conjunction with gales and high tides, destroyed or swept away the eggs and young of terns and other breeding seabirds. It is reported that in eastern Maine the eggs and young in some of the tern colonies were a total loss, and even as far south as Virginia all the eggs or young of many seabirds were destroyed.

In the interior the rains were for the most part warm, and for that reason apparently the young of grouse and bob-whites escaped with little loss. Bob-whites seem to be more numerous this year in southern New England than usual, and have been reported as far north as the White Mountains of New Hampshire, while the ruffed grouse seems to be at least holding its own. A large proportion of the young seem to have escaped practically unharmed. This is a welcome exception to the tale of disaster.

### THE CRIPPLED ROBIN'S RETURN

MRS. BERT HOUSTON

THAT D. M. Bliss, a well-to-do furniture dealer, of Columbus, Kansas, is an enthusiastic lover of birds, is proved by his interest in a crippled robin which spends his summers in that town. Four or five years ago some Columbus boys devised a method of destroying the sparrows in that place. A steel trap was set for the sparrows, but unfortunately a beautiful robin redbreast was the victim. The boys hurried to the trap to release the bird, but it developed that his leg was crushed and many of his feathers gone.

The attention of Mr. Bliss was called to the suffering little creature. He immediately went and dug some worms for him to eat.

Finally, the broken leg came off, and Mr. Robin got along very nicely with only one leg. Every morning he would come to the door of the Bliss home for food. Finally, he migrated with the rest of his feathered friends to the South.

On the next February 15 the bird came back to the door of the Bliss home, after having been gone all the winter.

Every spring now the robin appears in some yard in Columbus, when some member of the family telephones to Mr. Bliss who at once carries him to his home, where he remains for the summer.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL WORK says: "It requires the use of about thirty-six muscles to smile and of ninety-seven to frown. Why work overtime?"



Photo from Audubon Society

Huddled Together for Safety

## GOOD CHEER

HAVE you had a kindness shown?

Pass it on.

'Twas not given for you alone—

Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,

Let it wipe another's tears,

Till in heaven the deed appears;

Pass it on.

## "MITTENS"

RAMONA I. DAVIS

**M**ITTENS," who was our big tiger cat, was given that name because he had an extra toe on each paw, which made his front feet almost the shape of a mitten.

Until Mittens was three years old, we lived in the city, but then we moved into the country. How the cat did enjoy the freedom of the fields! He could lie in the tall grass, play hide and seek with the butterflies, and enjoy so many more pleasures than he had been able to enjoy in the city.

One early summer's day Mittens left the house in the morning to hunt mice in the field next to our house. Our family was to be away all day, but we felt that Mittens could take care of himself for a few hours. But alas, what a tragedy happened that day, and all because of our ignorance!

Our next-door neighbor decided that morning to begin his haying. Mittens was in the tall grass enjoying himself when he heard a loud thundering noise close by. In his fright he crouched to the ground, hoping to escape notice, but nearer and nearer came the fearful racket, and then in a moment it was too late to act, for the knife of the mowing machine had done its work too well. Not only was the grass under Mittens cut, but also his tail and two legs.

Somehow, on two legs and on the stubs of his other two, our loved Mittens made his way home, where he crawled under some bushes, to bleed to death slowly. We came home hours later, happy and care-free, to find Mittens breathing his last breath.

Why had not some one warned us of the danger of mowing time? We have learned since that every year during this particular season many cats are ignorantly sacrificed, for farmers say that instinctively cats cower in fear rather than run to safety, at the sound of a mower. Perhaps this story may prevent someone else from losing his pet in such a horrible way.



THE LIBRARIAN'S MASCOT

## The Tribe of Little White-foot

(The Wild Deer-mice)

D. LANGE

**I** BECAME acquainted with the white-footed deer-mouse when I was on a large wooded island in Lake Minnetonka. I tapped a dead tree into which a woodpecker had drilled a hole, but instead of a wren or nut-hatch, a timid wee animal peeped out of the open door.

That dead tree crumbled into mould years ago, but I can still see the wistful black eyes; the delicate ears, large for a mouse; and the finely chiseled head.

Whether the mouse had a nestful of young in the tree, or whether it was just her sleeping place during the day, I do not know. The hole was some ten feet up and I could not investigate its interior without destroying the little forest home; and being only too well aware that the woodfolk from log-cock and raccoon to wren and deer-mouse and wild bees live under the handicap of a serious housing problem, I left a question of mere science undecided; for hollow trees are becoming more scarce every year through the clearing of wild land and the senseless setting of fires.

My next meeting with the deer-mice was in the northern pine woods. After a long, hard tramp, I had pitched my camp, and in search of dry fire wood, drove my ax into a dead pine stump. No sooner had I split off a big slab than a drove of scared mice fairly swarmed out of a large nest of dry grass. I counted nine or ten of them before I replaced the slab as well as I could, for there was plenty of dry wood around my camp and I did not need to break up any wild creature's home for my personal comfort.

Some years later, however, I had an experience with the deer-mice which was not limited to a passing glance; nor was the number of the little people limited. On the contrary, it made me think that the story about Bishop Hanno and the mouse tower at Bingen and the still better known story of the Pied Piper of Hamelin might be literally true. If I had not previously taken a kind of mouse census, I should not have believed that so many wild mice could find food and shelter in the woods. I saw none in the daytime, but after dusk had settled among the pines, the forest was alive with them.

My first camp was in a tent with dry grass for bedding, and all night the mice rustled about in the hay. They scrambled noisily through my tin pails, they nibbled my provisions, they played hide and seek in my suit case, which I had left open to save them the trouble of cutting holes into it.

The next evening I placed all my provisions in the canoe moored in the lake.

In a cabin close by, a forest ranger had been camping for nearly two months. He had three mouse-traps and he had caught three mice every night. Not until the end of the third month, when he caught only one, did the little white-footed stock begin to run low. Up to this time he had by actual count caught about 150 white-footed mice.

I do not think they came to the cabin from more than a five-acre space, which would mean at least thirty mice to the acre, or 19,200 to each square mile of forest.

These census figures appeared to me grossly padded until I moved into a lone forester's

cabin on the edge of a large beaver meadow. This cabin seemed to possess some secret charm for attracting all kinds of woodfolk. Never did I find a place where deer and beaver, rabbits and porcupines, chipmunks, owls, and hawks seemed so fairly gathered around me as my next door neighbors. But most amazing in number were the smallest of the wildfolk, the white-footed deer-mice, with their soft coats as brown as those of the deer, and their feet and undersides pure white. A short walk brought me to a populous beaver lodge; an antlered buck snorted his challenge at me as I sauntered along the trail at night; and the porcupine clacked his teeth in protest at my disturbing him, while he made his dessert off my discarded cracker-box.

For the tawny little white-feet I did not have to seek. They came to me. In fact, while I was cooking my supper I began to feel that I was an intruder. It seemed as if a big indoor meet had been scheduled at the hitherto vacant cabin for the very evening on which I had moved in. From everywhere came the members of the timid tribe; through the chinks between the rough logs, through the open door, through holes under the roof and through tunnels under the foundation logs.

To my supper of bread and bacon they came as self-invited guests, scurrying off with crumbs and rinds and bits of crust. They would have whisked my bacon off my plate, if I had not vigorously protested by means of a little switch kept handy, as for a crowd of naughty children.

And after supper, till midnight and later, what fun and play! Races along the old rough logs! Climbing matches up the walls! And on the roof outside they held eaves-to-gable hurdle-races and three-yard dashes.

I knew the runners were only little white-footed pigmies, but the silent summer night magnified the sounds of their tiny feet as if they came from wildcats and other nocturnal beasts. Of vocal sounds there were almost none. Only a fine squeak now and then, when the contestants and players, as I suppose, tweaked one another's tail in a game of tag; a game, it seems, played by all small wild creatures that are intelligent enough to play.

I fell asleep before the meet was finished, but during the week I learned that every white-foot meet lasts from dusk till dawn, and that the track managers staged seven meets a week, if the nights were warm and fair. One night when there was a heavy storm, with rain and thunder, the meet was called off.

It was impossible for me to treat the crowd of contestants, for I had to bring all my provisions a distance of five miles, so I kept everything eatable in tin cans or in a box suspended by a wire from the rafters. I never set a trap for them. If they attempted to stage a race in my bunk, I drew the mosquito screen around it, which was enough to keep them out.

I believe with Professor L. H. Bailey that the wild mice are the most interesting of all wild creatures. What part these myriads of little creatures play in the big household of nature is not so easily answered.

They convert grass and wild seeds, twigs, buds and bark into flesh, and thus help to feed all wild birds and beasts that must eat flesh or starve.

To the forester who tries to reseed or replant a cut-over or burnt-over forest, the wild mice are often very troublesome. Their keen scent discovers every patch or row of seeds; and in winters, when food was scarce and the snow was deep, I have known them to girdle thousands and thousands of seedlings.

Strangely and mysteriously plant life and animal life are interwoven in the forest. One may pick up at random any thread of life, a wild bee, a moth on a spruce tree, a small floating alga, and follow it running under and over hundreds of other threads, until eye and mind become bewildered, and gladly turn to view the tapestry of nature as a whole.

Little white-foot's thread of life is woven into so many designs of the great forest pattern that no forester or scientist has ever traced it through. Does this tribe of pigmies help the royal pines to dominate the forest, or does it assist the humbler trees and shrubs to hold their own in the great silent struggle for earth and sky?

#### MOTHERHOOD PROTECTED BY A DOG

CATHERINE ELIZABETH JAYNES

**T**RAINED dogs of all breeds and species are ever performing deeds worthy of our attention. To me a most interesting and thrilling story is that told by Mr. Jonas Weil, a ranchman in southwest Texas, of an experience he had with a sheep-dog on his ranch.

To begin with, the training of the sheep-dog is very interesting. When the puppies are too young to follow their mother, they are taken away from the mother and are fostered by a mother sheep. This mother sheep is confined with the puppies, forced to nurse them until she adopts them and they her. Consequently the dogs know nothing but to follow the sheep, and in most cases will fight until they die for their flock.

Returning to his ranch after night, Mr. Weil's route led him within a quarter of a mile of the sheep corral. Suddenly out of the inky darkness something attacked him. His horse became frightened, lunged, and threw its rider against an old fence post. The post broke and Mr. Weil was able to use a piece of it to protect himself from a second attack. After a hard struggle he managed to get his enemy by the throat and get on top of it. In this position he sat (being his only chance for life) until the sheep-herder found them. His enemy proved to be a wolf hound. The unusual and vicious attacks were easily explained when daylight portrayed to the spectators a mother sheep and a baby lamb of only a few hours. Her attempt to reach the corral the night before had been in vain, and this most faithful shepherd had remained by her side ready to give his life for her protection.

"Is that your dog, Pete?" said Kate.

"Aw, no, Kate, but I'm his man."

HALL CAINE in "The Manxman"

It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness, or speaking a true word, or making a friend.

RUSKIN

#### THE DOG FAMILY

**T**HE dog—which in the wild state never barks—is one of the few animals that have accompanied man, in friendship, during the long march out of barbarism, says a contemporary.

Originally dogs, jackals, foxes and wolves belonged to the same family.

The origin of domestic or tame dogs is lost in the mists that enshroud the period of the cave man. Professor Shaler's researches in dogology led him to believe that dogs were first domesticated to provide an emergency food supply during famine.

A more plausible guess is that dogs were tamed to help gratify man's craving for submissive affection, also to tickle his vanity. Our primitive ancestors, no doubt, felt very much pleased with themselves when they contemplated the dogs they had subdued from the wild state.

Nevertheless, the dog has accompanied man into so-called civilization, and in return has been rewarded with a maze of legislation concerning his legal status, rights, ownership, and conduct.

The oldest monuments of India and Egypt show that ancient man reveled in ownership of Fido, Towser, and Bob.

Today we have him in magazine stories and the news, which correspond to the carvings on monuments of long ago.

How the dog has survived man's passion for exterminating animal life is a riddle, despite the affection with which he rewards kindness to him. That's why the study of dogs is inseparable from the study of human nature.

**YOU** pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous, he will not bite you. This is the principal difference between a dog and a man.

MARK TWAIN in "Pudd'nhead Wilson"

#### UNUSUAL RESCUE OF PUPPY

**A**N Airedale puppy had been frightened and ran into a three-inch opening between a hardware store and another building on the beach, and was caught there, afraid to move forward or backward for forty-eight hours, when a rescuing party of several Miami Beach men released him from his prison walls, according to the *Metropolis* of Miami, Florida.

The men, called to the scene about midnight, first climbed to the roof of one of the buildings and threw articles through the opening in an attempt to force the dog on, but failing in this, they broke into the hardware store and with pick and a street sign dug through eighteen inches of concrete wall, making an opening about three by six feet. It took about two hours to do the work, and will cost several dollars to put the door and the wall in the proper condition again. "but that doesn't matter," said one of the rescuers, "it was the idea of the little fellow dying there that made us do it."



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA AND HIS DEVOTED COMPANIONS, "PUPPY DOODLES," "PIGGY WIGGLES," AND "TEDDY"

After a refreshing bowl of milk and a bit of tender ham, the pup was none the worse for wear. He is now "resting comfortably" at the home of one of his new-found friends.

#### FORGIVENESS

Suggested by an actual instance

LOUELLA C. POOLE

**IT** was decreed that he should die—  
The poor old house dog, true and kind—  
For he'd "outlived his usefulness,"  
And seemed fast growing deaf and blind.

The waters of the lake were deep;  
To drown, an easy way to die;  
The cruel weights would hold him down,  
And hush his last reproachful cry.

Out stole the boat; dusk's gathering gloom  
Would hide from mortal eye the sin—  
For such it was! A false move and  
The man himself plunged headlong in!

No swimmer he, and vain his cries  
In that lone spot, with none to save.  
Quick from the boat the old dog leaped,  
And snatched him from a watery grave!

How nobler far the faithful dog—  
All love, forgiveness, loyalty—  
Than he who called himself a man,  
And would such friend's destroyer be!

## The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*  
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*  
E. A. MARYOTT, *State Organizer*

### PLEDGE

**I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.**

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
  2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
  3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
  4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See back cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

### NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Five new Bands of Mercy were reported in July. Of these, there was one each in New Jersey, Ohio, Illinois, North Dakota, and Mexico.

**Total number Bands of Mercy, 138,865**

**THERE** are fourteen active Bands of Mercy, with 2,451 members, in the city of Liverpool, England. Each Band holds regular meetings, weekly, fortnightly, or monthly.

### BANDS IN THE PHILIPPINES

**T**HROUGH the interest of the Philippine S. P. C. A., the American Band of Mercy has been introduced in the schools of the Islands. The Director of Education there has been so much encouraged by their success and popularity that he has requested a generous amount of additional literature and other supplies. The secretary of the Society writes: "Our Dumb Animals is invaluable now that the head teachers are becoming interested." They also find "The Teacher's Helper in Humane Education" in great demand.

### AUDUBON'S PERSEVERANCE

**A**UDUBON, the great naturalist, whose books of drawings and paintings of American birds are sought for all over the world, persevered in this, his life work, under the greatest difficulties, writes Janet Gargan in *Firelight*. He was born in Louisiana about 1780 and died in 1851. As a boy he liked to make pictures of birds, but though he studied and practised drawing them, he was not pleased with the results. They did not have the look of life he wanted to give them.

When he grew up he went to France and studied with the great painter David, until he had the skill he wished. After this, his great desire was to write a book about American birds and to illustrate it with paintings of those birds. To do so he traveled thousands of miles and lived in the woods the greater part of the time. He studied birds, their nests, their habits. He endured great hardships, but never gave up his idea.

Through unfortunate business speculations he became poor and had to paint portraits in order to live. After years of work he finally completed, in odd moments, the paintings of a thousand birds; but rats got into the box where the paintings were kept and destroyed them. This was a great blow—so many years of labor lost. But he was not discouraged—he determined to do his work over and to do it even better. He finally saved up enough to allow him to go back to his beloved woods. When quite an old man he spent the greater part of twelve years in all accessible parts of the United States and Canada in search for new materials.

His books are praised by people of all lands.

### SANDY OF THE SAWDUST RING

ERROLL HAY COLCOCK

*I'M Sandy of the Sawdust Ring,  
Who never tries to bite,  
I'm just a harmless little dog  
With coat of tan and white;  
You often see me at the show  
In town on Circus Day,  
When round the Sawdust Ring I prance,  
My many tricks to play.*

*Sometimes they dress me up in frills  
To imitate the clowns,  
And if I do not act quite right  
My master darkly frowns;  
'Tis then I strive my best to please,  
Or else I'll surely get  
More brutal kicks, for circus dogs  
Aren't meant to love and pet.*

*You laugh and cheer me as I leap  
Through hoops and over bars,  
Yet do not dream that 'neath my coat  
Are many cruel scars;  
For ev'ry clever trick I know  
I've learned through greatest pain,  
On tired legs I'm made to act  
All for another's gain.*

*My master stands with whip in hand  
To see me play my part,  
Though often weary, I obey,  
For fear is in my heart;  
A kindly word, a soft caress,  
To me would heaven be,—  
But gentle treatment such as this  
Is not for dogs like me.*

*So when you chance to come again  
To town on Circus Day,  
And watch me scamper round the ring,  
My many pranks to play,  
O, let a little prayer go up  
That master 'll treat me fair,—  
Who knows but that it might not reach  
The great White Throne up there!*

**THE** first Band of Mercy organized in Aurora, Ill., under the auspices of the Anti-Cruelty Society, is the result of the efforts of Mrs. Hattie Riley, assistant humane officer. It is called the "Dime Band," after a beautiful Shetland pony owned by one of the members.

### HOW DID SHE KNOW WHAT TO DO?

ANNA EMERY

**O**NE of my new pastimes, acquired since becoming a devotee of country life, has been to watch the agile and vociferous banqueting of a litter of tiny pink and white pigs.

I came to look for their greeting of shrill squeals and their interworking battery of alert ears and wiggly tails as they rushed to the fence at my approach, and the sight never failed to gladden my eyes for they were the cutest things imaginable as they scampered about in their cement floored confines.

In an effort at conservation it was decided that all "table scraps" should be fed to them, and for a time the experiment was satisfactory.

Then one day I happened to look away for a moment before they had finished their meal, and, although no outcry had been made, I became aware of an intense commotion within the pen where all had been so intent upon dispatching their allotment of food in the shortest possible space of time, and, turning quickly, I was amazed to see the sow grasp one of the pigs by its hind feet, and holding them firmly in her mouth, proceed to swing it about with a rotary motion and at an incredible speed.

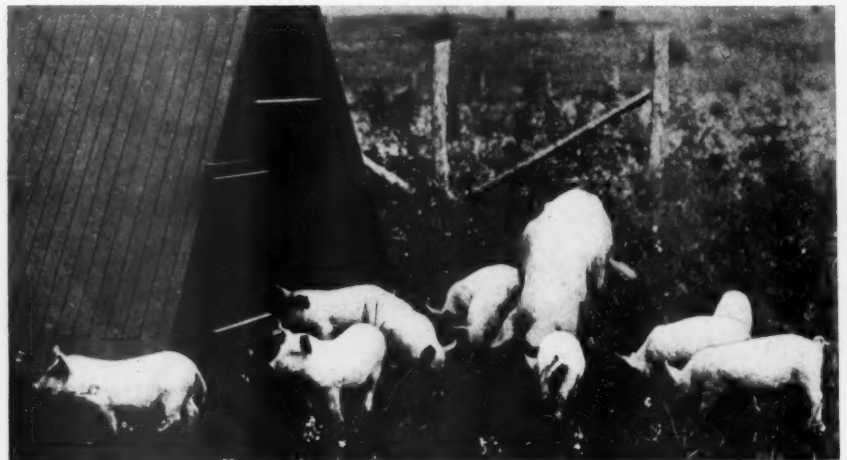
I called, attracting the attention of the caretaker, who came running to the rescue, but neither of us could decide what to do, and then, as suddenly as the affair had begun, it ended.

The sow dropped the young pig, who, in consequence of the rough handling he had received, immediately disgorged his dinner. That over, he returned to the trough, and began again to appease his hunger, apparently none the worse for the experience.

Later on the man told me that when cleaning their pen he found that a chicken bone had been left in the food, and evidently the young one had gotten it and upon choking had given a silent call for aid to which the sow instantly responded.

I am still wondering if it was the result of former experience, mother wit, or just sheer animal instinct that caused her to respond in the only way that could have been effective in such a case.

Who can tell how, or why, she seemed able to understand the situation and to act accordingly?



LITTER OF PIGS RAISED BY AN ILLINOIS BOY

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## SOME GOOD THINGS TO BE

*BE like the sun, that pours its ray  
To glad and glorify the day.  
Be like the moon, that sheds its light  
To bless and beautify the night.  
Be like the stars, that sparkle on,  
Although the sun and moon be gone.  
Be like the skies, that steadfast are,  
Though absent sun and moon and star."*

## A BABY IN A POCKET

EVANGELINE WEIR

THE kangaroo baby is a very tiny creature when he is born. Indeed he is only as big as your thumb, and would get lost if his mother didn't keep him in her pocket until he grew larger. He is born blind, naked, and so helpless that his mother holds him between her lips while she uses her paws to open the pouch so that she can put him inside. She then sticks her mouth into the pocket, being very careful not to let the baby slip, and places his mouth against a nipple. The queer baby clings to it tightly and does not let go for several weeks. Even then he would die of hunger if Mother Kangaroo did not force the milk down his throat.

By working certain muscles in her body, the mother pumps the milk into her baby. Then she closes up the pocket and the queer little mite takes care of himself by clinging to the nipple, his mother pumping milk into him as he needs it. This is all the care he gets for several weeks.

The tiny baby inside the nice fur-lined cradle is slowly growing to look like his father and mother. He can see, hear, and move. He has a soft fur coat on his body. Mother Kangaroo now opens her pocket and finds that the ugly mite has grown to be a very nice baby. He is, perhaps, the size of a big kitten. He looks at her with his beautiful soft eyes full of wonder. It is the first time he has seen his mother, but he isn't afraid of her. She is very proud of her baby and coaxes him to put his head outside the cradle. The little fellow is too shy at first, but at last he grows bolder and peeps at the queer world where his mother lives. He looks very funny with his small head and big ears poked through the pocket.

For weeks he is content to remain in the cradle, poking his head out from time to time. If he attempts to push his way out, however, his mother's paw quickly pushes him back again. He is too small to be allowed outside. Mother Kangaroo, leaping and hopping from place to place, carries him with her, his little head sticking out of her big pocket.

Thus he lives and sees life from his cradle until he is the size of a big hare. Then he is allowed to come out, but if there is the slightest danger, he climbs into the pocket and hides himself.

When Little Kangaroo is seven or eight months old, he is too large to get in his old cradle, but he sticks his head inside to get his milk. He is now learning to care for himself. He hops and leaps and kicks with his feet, which are growing big and strong. He uses his claws, and feeds with his mother and others on grass, leaves and herbs. He is no longer a baby.

How many birds can you call by their correct names?



Photo from American Messenger

## "SPOT"

PEARL S. MARKS

**S**OME folks have said that dogs can't talk as well as people do, But "Spot," though he's not human, speaks as plain as me or you.

*It's not dogs' fault if we don't know the things they try to tell,  
It's us; we haven't tried to learn their language very well.*

*Why, Spot, he only has to bark, or whine, or wag his tail,  
Or look me in the eye, an' you can bet I never fail  
To know just what he means; an' then another thing that's fine:  
He's just as quick at understanding every move o' mine.*

*Spot has a certain kind o' bark to tell me when he's glad,  
An' one for when he's hungry, an' another when he's mad;  
An' funny little barks when he has somethin' up a tree,  
An' laughs when I come runnin', 'cause he knows how glad I'll be.*

*An Spot, his eyes they talk to me when he has things to say;  
I often wish that people's eyes could look at me that way;  
He rests his nose right on my knee, an' looks me in the face  
An' says: "We're friends, an' trust each other any time or place."*

*So don't tell me that dogs can't talk as well as people do,  
For Spot has proved that he can speak as plain as me or you.  
An' those who have their doubts about what brains a dog has got  
Would change their minds if they could spend a half an hour  
with Spot.*

## CATS IN THE POSTAL SERVICE

**F**OLLOWING is the exact text of the "release" given by the press room of the Post Office department at Washington to the newspapers, late in July:

"Every dog has his day," is an old saying. But who ever heard of a dog in government service. Fido may have an age-old reputation as the guardian of an unprotected household but he has not yet attained a sinecure as watchman for a public building.

But 'tis different with "Tabby." Cats have been in the service for years as protectors of government property from the ravages of rodent pests.

Nearly every post office in the country has a "Tabby," and, while there is no specific appropriation for his maintenance, it is not an uncommon occurrence for a government voucher to be O.K.'d by high officials for the purchase of milk, salmon, or cat-meat.

For, indeed, his services are invaluable. The government is saved thousands of dollars yearly that otherwise would have to be paid out in damages as a result of the destruction of valuable articles in the mails.

This applies particularly to parcel post mail which often contains groceries and meats, including dressed chicken and fish. Such articles are highly attractive to the rat and mice population and would prove a subject of constant worry to postal officials if it were not for the faithful tabby-cat.

Provisions for the maintenance of cats in post offices has not always been recognized as a legal subject for appropriations. Years ago, however, the Department was forced to meet the depredations of rats and mice by the purchase of traps and poison. The next step was the employment in isolated cases of ferrets to rid a particular building of rodents.

"If money can be spent for traps and ferrets under the regulations, why can it not be spent also for cat-meat?" was the argument of postmasters which was the opening wedge in getting "Tabby" on the government rolls.

Every station has a few feline protectors. Compared with the common civilian cat, the ash-can and street, or alley and roof variety, these regular guards are seasoned old campaigners.

They stand no formations. Mess call is at three in the morning, and for the remainder of the twenty-four hours, they have roving commissions. No guards challenge them. They show no passes. They slip around all over the place.

Most of them were born in the service, and there are always new kittens to be seen in the vicinity of the lunch room where a lazy puss can graft a few crumbs. A kitten is never really initiated into the old guard until it has killed its first rat.

The regulars do not lie around a rat run, bringing in a prisoner now and then, but elect themselves to patrol duty. Never do they see a closed door that they are not curious to investigate. They wait in the corridor until the door is opened. Once in a while their curiosity causes them to get locked in, and if it happens to be an infrequented store-room they may be carried out a week or so later looking mighty sober and hungry.

They have no regular hours and are not confined to quarters. They may go A.W.O.L. into the civilian world, returning later with a new recruit, but they are not waited upon by a court martial.

While on the subject of cats it would be

unforgivable in the eyes of hundreds of employees in the Department at Washington to fail to mention "Old Tom," who has a service record of seventeen years in the Post Office Department.

Old Tom is the king of cats. Probably no other cat in the country has been written up or had his picture in the papers as often as he. Tom came in with the Roosevelt administration and though a staunch Republican, his job was never in danger during the Burleson regime.

In spite of his age, Tom still keeps the huge Department clear of rats. When not engaged in this pastime or duty he can be found in the office of the Captain of the Watch where he is always willing to "show off" for visitors. Besides playing the piano, he will jump through the hoop, play dead, and, according to the watchmen, do anything but talk.

## ADDITIONAL PRIZES FOR POSTERS

**A**LL of the posters that won prizes or honorable mention in the Be Kind to Animals school contest of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. were sent to Albany, N. Y., to be entered in the national contest of the American Humane Association. We have been advised that the first prize of \$10 for the best poster illustrating the cruelty of trapping wild animals for furs was awarded to Dwight H. Shepler, of Newtonville, a student in the Newton Classical High School. Book prizes, or a subscription to the *National Humane Review*, were awarded, in Group 3, to George Benham of the Somerville High School and to Henry Johnson of the Brookline High School. Honorary mentions were given in Group 3 to Thomas Mockesy, Center Junior High School, Lynn, and to Dorothea Ellis, Junior High School, Milton.

## THE ST. PAUL CONVENTION

**T**HE forty-sixth annual meeting of the American Humane Association, to be held in St. Paul, Minn., Monday, October 2, to Thursday, October 5, 1922, promises to be an event of unusual moment to all interested in anti-cruelty work. The first two days will be devoted to addresses and discussions relating to work for children, and the last two to that relating to animal protection. One of the special features will be an address by Dr. Francis H. Rowley, who is now in Europe, on the slaughter-house problem in America in the light of personal observations of the abattoirs in the principal European cities. Full details of the program may be obtained from the Association, 287 State Street, Albany, N. Y.

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by George T. Angell in 1868

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts.

Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue.

## TERMS

One dollar per year. Postage free to all parts of the United States.

Humane societies are invited to correspond with us for terms on large orders.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

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THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Associate Annual	\$5 00
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Active Annual	10 00	Children's	1 00

Checks and other payments may be sent to EBEN. SHUTE, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

## HUMANE LITERATURE AND BAND OF MERCY SUPPLIES

For sale by the American Humane Education Society, and the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass., at these prices, postpaid. (Titles in bold-face are of books.)

*Our Dumb Animals*, Vol. 54, June 1921-May, 1922, \$1.25

## About the Horse

**Den—His Recollections**, Willard A. Paul, M.D., 274 pp., illus., cloth, \$1.50  
**Black Beauty** (English), cloth 45 cents, paper, 20 cts.  
 What Constitutes Cruelty, Francis H. Rowley, \$0.30 per 100  
 Humane Horse Book, 32 pp., 5 cts. each, or 5.00  
 The Horse—Treatment of Sores, Diseases, etc., 60 "  
 The Care of Mules 50 "  
 Humane Education Leaflet, No. 5 50 "  
 How to Treat a Horse 50 "  
 Two Horses I Have Known, Mary C. Yarrow, 50 "  
 The Horse's Prayer 30 "  
 The Horse's Point of View in Winter (or Summer), post-card 1.00 "  
 Advice on Stable Management, card 1.00 "  
 The Checkrein, 4 pages 50 "  
 The Overhead Checkrein, card (two sides) 50 "  
 A Plea for the Horse, gummed labels 25 "

## About the Dog

**Beautiful Joe**, illus., \$1.50; cloth, \$1.00, small, 50 cts.  
**Where Is My Dog?** Dr. Charles Josiah Adams \$1.00  
 Eulogy on the Dog, by Vest, post-card \$1.00 per 100  
 The Dog—Its Care in Health and Disease 50 "  
 Humane Education Leaflets, Nos. 3 and 4 50 "  
 What the Chained Dog Says 50 "  
 The Story of Barry 30 "

## About the Bird

**The Birds of God**, Theron Brown, 318 pp., illus., cloth, \$1.50  
**The Lady of the Robins**, cloth, 35 cts., paper, 15 cts.  
 Save the Birds, post-card \$0.50 per 100  
 Humane Education Leaflets, Nos. 1 and 2 50 "  
 How the Birds Help the Farmer 50 "  
 The Air-gun and the Birds 50 "

## About the Cat

**The Cat—Its Care in Health and Disease**, \$0.60 per 100  
 Humane Education Leaflet, No. 8 50 "  
 Do Not Leave Your Cat to Starve 50 "  
 Mollie Whitefoot's Vacation 50 "  
 "The Beggar Cat," post-card, 6c per doz. 50 "  
 About Poor Puss 30 "

## About Other Animals

**Prince Rudolf's Quest**, Ida Kenniston, 150 pp., boards, \$1.00  
**For Pity's Sake**, cloth, 35 cts., paper, 15 cts.  
**Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst**, cloth, 35c., paper, 15 cts.  
**The Strike at Shane's**, cloth, 30 cts., paper, 15 cts.  
**Michael Brother of Jerry**, Jack London, cloth, 75 cts.  
 Jack London Club Posters, 22 x 32 inches, one for 15 cts., two for 25 cts., five or over, each, 10 cts.  
 The Minor Minor Prophets \$3.00 per 100  
 The Horrors of Trapping 2.00 "  
 Omaha Address on Cruelties of Slaughter, Dr. Rowley, 8 pp. 3.00 "  
 What is the Jack London Club? 30 "  
 How to Kill Animals Humanely, 4 pp. 1.00 "  
 Humane Education Leaflet, No. 6, animals 50 "  
 Humane Education Leaflet, No. 7, cattle 50 "

## Humane Education

**The Teacher's Helper in Humane Education**, 32 pp., 10 cts.  
 Humane Stamps, in colors \$0.25 per 100  
 "Be Kind to Animals" pennants each, 25 cts.  
 "Be Kind to Animals" placards each, 3 cts.  
**The Humane Idea**, Dr. Francis H. Rowley, cloth, 35 cts., paper, 15 cts.

## Friends and Helpers (selections for school use), Sarah J. Eddy

**Humane Education**, Reynolds, cloth, 50 cts.

**Voices for the Speechless**, for Schools, etc., cloth, \$1.50

**Angell Prize Contest Recitations** (paper covers) 55 cts.

Address to Boston Public Schools, Mr. Angell, \$2.00 per 100

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Condensed Information, pamphlet by President Rowley, telling how to organize humane societies, with constitution and by-laws, free upon application.

## Band of Mercy

"Be Kind to Animals" buttons \$1.00 per 100

Buttons—white star on blue ground, with gilt letters and border, one cent each 1.00 per 100

Badges, gold finish, large, 10 cts. small, 5 cts.

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